

A Body Farm

Cattle Decapitation

For every life I take, an ecosystem I create
Blood and guts consumes my life
I am the "brutal gardener"
I - "quantity controller"
"no more insane than Jesus Christ."

Forgive my humble abode
Rotting bodies clogging the commode
Please pardon the stench and the trunk of a man lying on the workbench

Out by the shed are buzzing hives made of human heads
The gestation of larvae tells us
the time of death

Decomposition - An exhibition of life that springs from tragedy

Degeneration - Breakdown and maturation of DNA: The residue of death

The twilight falls on maggots burrowing in flesh
Dead - the dead now dead as can be

The cadaver now giving life harmoniously
A God - This makes me a god

This is absurd and quite obscene - the corruption of human beings
My back yard now a goddamned crime scene

I am the ying, I am the yang
Good and evil are one in the same
No more insane than Jesus Christ"

The smell is part of the charm when you live on a "body farm"
I walk with the stench of decay along corpse littered paths at the break of the day

Ah, the irony in being a killer, yet in the crime-solving community, I am a pillar
A corpse turns to mulch with a good roto-tiller"

I kill for the good of man

Decomposition " a morbid demonstration
The cycle of life - in all its majesty

Degeneration - curdling fermentation of heaps and heaps of human meat

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